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## Poetry.

### CORN SONG.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry board!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Thro' vales of grass, and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain,
The robber crows away.

All thro' the long bright days of June,
Its leaves grew bright and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with Autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away its frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gifts,
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain sh'll sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around the costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured,

Where's the wide old kitchen board
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless the farmer girls?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessings of our hardy grain—
Our wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat fields to the fly;

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.

## Miscellaneous.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.

### BROTHER CROCKER AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

Old brother Crocker was a specimen of the antique. If a man of veracity had asserted that he was dug up among the ashes of Herculaneum, and restored to life, you might have almost believed it—so much of an "old Roman" was he. It was said of him that he never changed an opinion in his life, but we know better. Yet he rarely did such an inconsistent thing. He had an easy way of settling matters in dispute. His formula was "Don't I see it; and with me seeing is believing." This settled all controversy. What he saw, or thought he saw, he believed; and his "seeing" was the final settlement of all questions. From that there was no appeal.—Error there could be none—for he saw: logic was of no avail, for logic could not prove that he did not see. It was thus to a certain period of life. We are now to tell when and how a change was wrought in the good old brother. We say "good," for you must not suppose that he was a bad man. Far from it. He was wrong-headed—obstinate, that is all; and he thought he was right—believed and acted right, and whoever did not believe and act as he did was wrong. He may not be so greatly at fault, for there is a large family connection of the Crockers, and they are all wonderfully "set in their ways."

Brother Crocker was a church member in the olden time, when broad-brims and shad-bellies, and bachelorhood distinguished the preachers he delighted to hear. A curly-headed preacher was no better than Absalom in his eyes. "I'd just as soon," he would say, "brother Norris would wear braces at once, as to see him with his hair roached up. Why don't he comb it down like father A——?" You see he lived when suspenders coming into fashion, were considered an invention of Satan.

Tongue cannot tell how he was schocked, when he heard that brother Price was married, and would not locate, but continued traveling, and was sent to his circuit. "Well now," said he "that is something new. The Church is ruined! The worst example a preacher could set is by marrying; for all of them now will do it—it seems to come so natural. And what is to be done? The circuit cannot pay him. Who wants to se him here? No objection to a preacher by himself, but then I suppose he'll bring his wife along, and there an't many of us have room for both. The circuit I'm afraid is ruined and ——." But we cannot tell half he said; not that he said it all at one time—for he was a man of not many words, but he spoke at many times, in sincere grief at the dark cloud hovering over the church—for such he really thought it. But while he mourned, he resolved to do his duty; and when the preacher and his wife came along, he cordially asked them to his house. The good sister was so gentle, so much of a lady, so handy with her needle, and had so many little recipes for bread, and pickles, and pies, etc., and withal could sing so charmingly the old camp meeting hymns, that she became quite a favorite in the Crocker family. Once, indeed, our friend became her champion. Nancy Sloan had imbibed that prejudice against the little lady which vulgar minds often entertain toward their superiors, and spoke of her within his hearing—not to him, she would not have dared—of "that stuck-up preacher's wife with her Virginia airs"—when he spoke up from an adjoining room: "Nancy, is that your manners? How dare you to talk about any body being 'stuck up?' What did you tell brother Peel, when he said he must report you to the preacher for wearing a finger-ring and a vail?"—These were then proscribed "ornaments,"—badges of worldliness. Nancy was silenced. She did not want it known that she had told her class-leader "in strict confidence," when spoken to about wearing these things, that Reuben Miller—a worldly young man—had given them to her, and as she was going to marry him, she was "obliged to wear them, though for her part" she didn't "care for them—not" she. Brother Peel did not much believe the last; but took counsel with brother Crocker on the subject, which, perhaps, was not right.

But we must come to a latter day. It so happened that brother Crocker was one of the pioneers upon whom the new preacher relied to show him the way partly round the circuit. He grew to be comfortable in his circumstances, could spare the time, and was fond of "going to meeting." So it was pleasant to him to take a jaunt with the new preacher. A considerable time had now elapsed since the first preacher had dared to marry and travel, and he had become accustomed to aid in the support of their wives and children, and neither the circuit nor the church was quite ruined—though he always contended that matters were growing worse. True to his obstinate nature, he was not reconciled in his feelings—though his better principles prompted him to be quiet and to make the best of things as he found them, always hoping and praying that things would grow no worse. Alas! for the shock that awaited him. It would have killed him it had not cured him. It happened thus:

One afternoon, riding home from a visit in his neighborhood, he overtook a preacher returning from conference. He learned who was to be his "circuit rider" for the next year—a young man of whom he had not heard much; and, therefore, he had many questions to ask respecting him. The answers given by the brother—one whose spirit was not the most amiable, and who was none the more pleased from his disappointment in not being himself sent to the circuit, for his family was settled on the adjacent one, a few miles from brother Crocker's—were not such as to ensure the inquirer that the work would fare well with such a preacher. He was hardly polite enough to ask the traveler to tarry with him, and was glad when he answered that he "must get home to-night." The tidings were so acceptable to him, that he would tell his family what he had learned. He tarried latter than usual in the shed-room, where he prayed at evening; and came away downcast and moody. He often sighed and groaned, and family prayer was very fervent over the backslidings of Church and ministry. He seemed distressed, but could find no comfort. Sister Crocker, a woman of much good sense, generally let this leaven of discontent work its own exhaustion, before she said anything; but now she became a little restless herself, and when the family had retired she asked him what was "going wrong."

"The Church on our circuit is ruined!" said he, and groaned.

"Well, old man," said she, rather provokingly, "I suppose it's so. I've often heard you say so, but I never saw it yet, but always thought it would be some of these days; and I reckon the time's come, you take on so powerfully to-night."

"Polly," answered he, solemnly, "what makes you so light of serious things? I tell you the Church is ruined!"

"Well, didn't I agree to it? But you might tell a body what has ruined it?"

"Such a preacher as we have got this year!" and he told her who he was, and what he had learned that afternoon respecting him. He was "starchy," and "proud"—indeed, a "fop" for so straight-breasted, cynical brother Hart had described him—one of your "educated preachers," who had a great deal more of "school-learnin" than "religion." The good wife tried to battle for the young preacher, more from kindness of heart than from a persuasion that he "would do," but it was of no avail. Brother Crocker "never saw a preacher of that kind, who was worth anything;" and was sure this one was no better than the rest. He fasted the next day, so deep was his humiliation.

The preacher came at length. Brother Foster was a young man just received into full connection—the first collegian who had joined his conference. He had the misfortune, as some thought it to be well-dressed. He had a fine open, intelligent countenance, ruddy with health, which made him look younger than he was. The young sisters all thought him handsome, except Barbara Anders, but she was engaged to rich old Mr. Dunston, and he was very homely. Brother Crocker could have borne with his good looks—saving that his hair would not lie on his forehead—but his dress! "with such a dressy preacher, the church was ruined!" Sister Crocker soon loved the young man, for he was simple-hearted and cheerful. He chatted with her freely the first night, and told her all about his mother, whom he dearly loved. She would take his part, and wanted to know, when he was out, what "ailed his dress!" "Now, old man," she said, "I am getting ashamed of you. Don't you see, it's only his good looks. His clothes ain't fine. The preacher ought always to look nice. There's our Robert has clothes that cost more, I know, and he is only a storekeeper, but he don't look so nice. It's in the man. And he don't seem to set any store by his clothes." And this was true. Young Foster had a fine, manly form, an elegant shape, and without paying any special attention to his garb, which was peculiar only in its being a citizen's dress—not the preacher's cut—he looked well. He would have done so in a home-spun smock-frock. The old gentleman did not see this. He saw the young man as he seemed to him; and could see no otherwise. The young preacher was rather embarrassed at family prayers, and this had no tendency to mollify the good brother. Yet he was softened eventually.

The first day, Sabbath, there was preaching near by at Sardis. After an early breakfast, the preacher took his Bible to the woods, telling the family that he would meet them at church, at the proper time. No more was seen of him until he was going into the pulpit. His eyes looked dim, as if from weeping—yet there was a glow upon his face as if all was peaceful. With the utmost simplicity he read his lessons and hymns. Simple, too, but fervent was his prayer. He seemed deeply to feel the need of spiritual aid. But his sermon—some who heard it will never forget it, for it smote to their inmost hearts. Brother Crocker was astounded, that a man whose hair stood gracefully around his brow, and who wore such clothes, could preach thus; yet he thought a round coat and a concealed forehead would improve even this preaching. "What a pity the young brother does not use all the means of grace," thought he. He was not convinced yet.

Brother Crocker went round with the preacher for a week. The third day at Antioch, he grew reconciled to the hair, for he became very happy, while the young preacher was telling his own experience; and he broke out, "Bless God, brother Foster, I feel just so." This was an acknowledgment that the preacher "had religion."

He grew more charitable toward him from day to day, till, on Sunday, he reached Reeve's Chapel, near which his son Robert, the "storekeeper," lived. Robert was rather wild—disposed to set up, in a small way, for a free and easy man of the world. He often spoke of "sour godliness," and some people thought that he imagined he had seen some of it; but probably they were mistaken. Robert was out to hear the new preacher. The house was crowded, and there was unwonted power in the sermon. Penitents were invited forward, and Robert, with streaming eyes and broken sobs, fell at his father's feet as he sat near the altar. The old man's cup was full. He forgave the clothes, and praised God for bestowing such tokens of favor on the boy-preacher, and for so blessing the word he preached. Instead of going home the next day as he designed, he went on two more appointments before here turned.

But it was not the preaching alone that had won the old man's heart. The simplicity and godly sincerity of the young man were unmistakable; and all his intercourse with the people proved that, notwithstanding his hair, his clothes, and his education, he had but one ambition—to serve the church of God. So bro. Crocker came to forgive him, even for being educated.

We cannot stop to tell how joyful home was, when he returned with the news of Robert's conversion—nor how serious the good sister looked, when she asked her "old man" if he had prevailed upon the preacher to wear a "shad." Six months passed, and brother Crocker came to love the preacher as a son. He was never tired of going to hear him, far and near. Brother Foster was now at his house, and sister Crocker, with much mirth-provoking humor, told the former the facts given in this narrative. Brother Crocker was present, and acknowledged to all. The preacher said but little, though he felt thankful that God had preserved him in a course of straightforward simplicity in the midst of elements that might have been disastrous to his peace and usefulness, if once put into commotion.

Since that day the old couple have been gathered home. He lived long enough to learn that men must not be judged by outward appearances—that in some things a man must be left to his own tastes and judgment, and may follow them, and yet be a holy man; while she lived to see the young preacher among the foremost in the battle against sin, and standing among the most honored in the Church, yet continuing a godly, simple-hearted minister of Christ.

### A Woman Burned to Death.

About seven o'clock on Friday evening last, John W. Davis, steward of the U. S. Marine Hospital hearing the cries of a female in distress, with the good Samaritan feeling ever characterizing that gentleman, made all possible haste to the relief of the sufferer. On arriving at the spot (in Mr. Thomas' garden just opposite the Hospital) he discovered a woman lying on the ground enveloped in flames. His overcoat being the only available means within his reach by which he could subdue the fiery element, he drew it from his body, and by wrapping it around her, soon succeeded in smothering the fire; not however, until the destructive agent had about accomplished its work. She was taken into the hospital and lingered in the most intense agony until 12 o'clock, when she expired. During the above period the neighbors were called to the rescue of her three children, the eldest only four years of age, who were sleeping in the room where this direful accident had occurred. On entering the house they found found the bed in blaze, the three children still in a state of unconscious sleep. By active exertions they were saved from the fiery element, not, however, until they were seriously burned.

The fire was extinguished without doing any serious amount of damage.

The husband of the deceased, James Brien, who is engaged for Mr. Thomas, in the capacity of gardener, was not at home at the time of the sad affair.

An inquest was held by the coroner and a verdict rendered by the jury in accordance with the above facts.—*Mo. Democrat.*

SUNKEN WAR VESSELS AT SEVASTOPOL TO BE RAISED BY AN AMERICAN.—A Boston paper says:

"John E. Gowen, Esq., of this city, who is now in Rusia, has just entered into a contract with the Russian Government to raise the ships of war and other vessels, fifty two in number, sunk in the harbor of Sevastopal at the time of the siege. It will be remembered that Mr. Gowen, under contract with our government, succeeded, after repeated efforts of British engineers had failed, in raising the wreck of the United States steamer Missouri, sunk in the harbor of Gibraltar. Mr. Gowen will commence operations in the harbor of Sevastopal next spring."

### "PAPA GOES THERE."

BY MRS CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Mayn't I go with you, papa? Please say I may, won't you?"

The words were uttered in a plaintive and sadly entreating tone, the hands of the speaker clasping the knees of the listener.

It was a boy of seven years who lisped them; a beautiful boy, with fair, high brow, around which there clustered a wreath of auburn curls; with dark, flashing eyes; cheeks rosy with health; lips like the cherries of summer, and a voice like the birds that eat them. There were tears in those eyes at this time, though, and the dimpled mouth was quivering.

It was a man of some five and thirty who listened to this plea; a man who had been of noble looks and princely bearing. Ay, had been! for the blighting truth was written over form and face. His locks were matted, his forehead scowling, his eyes—red, but not with tears; there were furrows on his cheeks, too, and a brutish look to the expression of his lips. Twice did the little boy address him ere he answered. Then pushing the child rudely from him he said, in a stern voice, "no, no. It's no place for you."

Again those fair, small hands encircled the knees.

"You go, papa. Why can't I too? Do let me go."

For a moment the heart of the inebriate seemed to wake from its sleep. He shuddered as he thought of the character of the place his pure-souled boy would enter.—He took the child tenderly in his arms, and kissed him as of old; then putting him down he said kindly:

"You must not ask me again to take you there. It is no place for little boys," and seizing his hat hurried from the room, murmuring to himself, as he paced the way to the brilliant bar-room, and "no place for men either. Would to God I had never gone."

For a long time Willie stood where his father had left him; then turning to the few embers that faintly glowed upon the hearth, he sat down in his little chair, and resting his head upon his mother's lap, said, earnestly:

"Mamma, why isn't that pretty store a good place for little boys? Papa loves to go there."

It was a trying question for the poor, heart-broken woman. She had so far kept from her son the knowledge of his father's sin. She could not bear that he should look with shame upon him, or that his pure and gentle heart should thus commune with so intense a grief. Kindly she toyed with his long ringlets for awhile, then said endearingly, "Papa knows better than you what is best for his little boy. When you grow older you will learn why he does not wish to take you."

Then rising she carefully put down her babe upon its little bed, and tied on her hood and cloak.

"Mind the cradle, now, Willie; I'll come back soon, and then you will have some supper, and a nice fire to sit by, too," and taking a large basket of ironed clothes she went out. A wealthy mother would have been frighted at the thought only of leaving so young a boy at night fall, all alone with an infant to care for, and an open fireside to sit by. But poor Mrs M. knew well she could trust Willie with his sister, and as for burning up, there was not coals enough to thaw his blue, stiff fingers. No she did not fear to go and leave him, for he had thus been left many a time, and always carefully obeyed her.

And he meant to now; but poor little fellow! his thoughts would wander to that brilliant corner store, whither he knew his father always went at evening; and his brain was busy with eager wanderings.—He knew his father loved to go, and knew there must be something that he liked, for he never came home again till long after Willie was asleep. What lay behind those scarlet curtains was a mystery he sought in vain to unravel.

At length he whispered eagerly, as if to encourage a longing wish, "Papa used to tell me, if I wanted to know anything very bad, to persevere and I would find it out. Now I do want to know what makes him love to go there so. I know there must be something pretty behind those windows.—I should't wonder"—and his cheeks were glowing—"if it was like a fairy house.—Why can't I go?"

Poor Willie! The temptation to know was too strong to be resisted; so he hunted through the closet for a candle, for he was a thoughtful little fellow, and would not leave his little sister to the only danger that could menace her. He found a bit of a tallow dip, and lighting it, drew the stand close to her, that the flame might scare away the rats and mice, should they sally out ere his return.

"I won't stay long, pretty dear," said he, pressing a tender kiss on her sleeping lips, and drawing the blanket close over her fair arms. "No I'll come back soon, but I do want to take one peep."

Swiftly his little feet bore him over the pavement, and in a trice he stood beside the curtained door.

"How light it is, and how they laugh and talk. It must all be very funny there."

A cold, November blast swept around the corner as he spoke, penetrating his worn, summer clothes, and cousing his flesh to quiver, and his teeth to chatter.

"I don't believe they'd hurt me, if I should go in awhile; I am such a little boy, and I am so cold out here," he said, as he pushed the door carefully from him, slipping in and closing it without a breath of noise. For a moment he was bewildered with the light and clatter, and half wished he were away. But the warm air was grateful to his chilled limbs, and finding that no one seemed to notice him he stole towards the glowing grate, and spread out his purple palms before the blaze. The group of men that encircled the bar were drinking when he entered. Soon, however, they sat down their glasses, and dispersed about the room.

"Halloo," said one, in a loud tone, as going to the fire he spied little Willie.—"What are you doing here my little fellow? Who are you? and what do you want?"

"I don't want anything, only to see what you do here. My name is Willie M. My pa loves to come here, and it looked so pleasant through the window, I thought I'd like to. But I must not stay long, for I've left the baby alone."

The man's tones were softened as he spoke again to him.

"And where is your mother?"

"O, she's gone to take home the wash, sir. Papa don't have as much work as he used to once, and we're very poor now, and she has to help him."

"And does it look as pleasant in here as you thought it would?"

"O, yes, it does, sir. I don't wonder papa loves to come here so much, it's so cold and dark at home. But I should think he'd bring mamma and me and little sis. How she would laugh to see this fire and all those pretty bottles, and those flowers with lights in them. Please sir, and he earnestly seized the rough hands of the listener, 'please, sir, tell me why little boys can't come here with their fathers?"

"For God's sake do not tell him, Bancroft," said a deep, anguished voice. "He deems me pure and holy. Heavens! what a wretch I am! My boy, my boy!", and Willie was clasped in his father's arms—"you have saved me from the vilest hell.—Here, with my hand upon thy sinless brow, I promise never again to touch the cup I have drank so deep. And my brothers in sin, as you value your soul's salvation, tempt me not to break my vow. Help me, Heaven, help me men, so to live, hereafter, that papa may never blush to take his boy along—that if papa goes *there* Willie may go too."

Silently the door was closed after them and silence dwelt in the saloon behind them. The preacher had been there in cherub form, and crazy, loose, unholy thought, or light and ribald jest was hushed. One by one they stole away, and many a wife wore smiles that night; nor did the old bar-tender, even, curse the little one that robbed him of so many dimes. Too deeply in his heart had sunk the voice of that cherub preacher.

"Don't you like me papa? Are you cross at me?" asked Willie, in a hesitating tone, as the stood a few moments on the pavement; for the scene in the bar-room was an enigma to the child, and he half-feared a reproof.

"I was thinking what mamma would like best for supper," said the father.

"Was you? was you?" was the eager question of a gladsome voice. "O, then, I know you ain't cross. O, get oysters and crackers and tea, papa; and a candle, 'cause there is only a piece. And please papa, tell mamma not to be cross at me 'cause I left the baby. I don't believe she will though, 'cause you know if I hadn't gone as I did, you wouldn't perhaps have come home yet, and she does love to have you home *so much*. Oh, I feel just like crying, I am so glad."

"And I feel like crying," too, said his father, solemnly; and ere midnight he did cry, and his wife, too, but they were holy tears, washing *his* heart of the dust that had gathered on its beauty, and *hers* of the sorrow that had draped it as a pall.

☞ Prof. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, in writing from St. Petersburg, Russia, August 8th, '56, says:

"Up to this date we have been in one constant round of visits to the truly wonderful objects of curiosity in this magnificent city. I have seen, as you know, most of the great and marvellous cities of Europe, but I can truly say, none of them can at all compare in splendor and beauty to St. Petersburg. It is a city of palaces, and palaces of the most gorgeous character. The display of wealth in the palaces and churches is so great that simple truth told about them would incur to the narrator the suspicion of romancing. England boasts of her regalia in the tower, her crown jewels, her Kohinoor diamond, &c. I can assure you they fade into insignificance, as a rushlight before the sun, when brought before the wealth in jewels and gold seen here in such profusion. What think you of nosegays, as large as those our young ladies take to parties, composed entirely of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and other precious stones chosen to represent accurately the colors of various flowers! The imperial crown, globular shape, composed of diamonds, and containing in the centre of the Greek cross which surmounts it, an unwrought ruby of at least two inches in diameter. The sceptre has a diamond very nearly as large as the Kohinoor. At the Arsenal at Tzarscoe-selo we saw the trappings of a horse, bridle, saddle, and all the harness, with an immence saddle-cloth, set with tens of thousands of diamonds; on those parts of the harness where we have rosettes, or knobs, or buckles, were rosettes of diamonds an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, with a diamond in the centre as large as the first joint of your thumb, or say three quarters of an inch in diameter.—Other trappings were as rich. Indeed there seemed to be no end to the diamonds.—All the churches are decorated in the most costly manner with diamonds, and pearls, and precious stones."

REVOLUTIONARY AREA OF THE UNITED STATES—The territory settled at the time of the Revolution was confined to the Atlantic States, and even their western borders was mere wilderness.

The western two-thirds of the States of New York and Philadelphia were wholly unoccupied. The population line of 1775, forms a narrow belt of two hundred miles width, along the Atlantic coast, limited at the western side by the Allegheny ridge. The present great cities were then small towns of some half dozen to twenty thousand inhabitants. New York had a population of about 22,000.

☞ The new electric light, recently patented by the American inventor in England, and yielding the most intense and beautiful illumination yet attained by science, will, it is stated, be used on board the steamship Adriatic. Those who investigated this important discovery, assert that under favorable circumstances, the electric light can be seen at a distance of forty miles.

### Johnny Bull the Victim of a Joke.

Although "truth is stranger than fiction," as is daily proved by experience, yet it is also true that a lie can be manufactured exceeding all the bounds of reality. And yet no lie is so monstrous but that ears can be found which will take it in. None are so often made victims of jokers as the Daily Press, for the reason that its managers are constantly on tiptoe to descry a bit of news, and when caught have not time to give it the benefit of a sober second thought before it is scattered on the wings of the wind, by news boys, railroads, and the "wires."

A lie relative to American manners and customs has gone across the water, received credence in England, and become a most savory repast to news mongers. The London *Times* publishes the story, and has not the excuse of hasty insertion for its ridiculous credulity, for that paper says:

"It would be a great relief to us if it could be made out that the horrid narrative in our columns, describing a railway scene in the State of Georgia, was the invention or the hallucination of the writer. Its insertion was delayed for some days, that we might obtain satisfactory vouchers for the writer's respectability, sanity and truthfulness, and on those points we have no doubt. Short of a miracle, we never read any anything so simply stated yet so incredible in substance."

It is said that the *Times* has sent one of its proprietors to this country, to secure the services of an American Editor, and assuredly it is high time that some one should have charge of the American deparment of that paper who cannot be fooled with his eyes wide open. The only wonder is, that the *Times* had a proprietor of such temerity as to venture into this country, where, as that paper says, "nothing but the terror which possesses peaceful men in the States, prevents the publication of more horrors of this sort." The story, as communicated to the *Times*, comes from one who claims to have been an eye witness, and is briefly as follows:

"The 'eye-witness' left Macon, in Georgia, to proceed to Augusta, in Georgia, at 5 o'clock at night, and reached the destination at 3 the following morning. Two young women and a man were among the passengers. Owing to a flirtation on the part of one of the young women who had been engaged in this railway trip by B, but had subsequently accepted an offer to the same effect from A, a quarrel sprang up between A and B, the latter having joined before the cars started. A duel was arranged between them in the negotiation of which C, a third party assisted. During the discussion, a second duel was got up by an old man of 60 and one of 45, who calling on the conductor to stop, they got out and were left behind; when the next station was reached, a telegraphic message reported the old man had been killed. He had left a little boy of six years old behind in the car, who was at this time asleep. C, who had as a negotiator made himself very active, was irritated because A and B, declined fighting at once, and used language that effronted B. A challenge ensued; the train is stopped; B and C get out, and the conductor waits the result; B is killed, and C comes back into the train. B's father being there, is offered by C his revenge for his son's death, but he declines being killed too. Then C makes an oration in which he calls the young woman vile, and says he will denounce her as such wherever he meets her. The young woman violently defends herself, and calls upon the passengers to take her part, i. e. fight a duel for her. At length B's father succumbing to her urgent importunities, consents to fight, and challenges C, who now refuses and brands B's father as a coward for not accepting his first challenge.

"A young man, D, enters from the smoking saloon; he recognizes the young woman, who enlists him as a partizan, and he challenges C. They fight in the smoking saloon with monte Christo or noiseless pistols. All that is henceforward heard of D, is his death cry—his body is put among the luggage—the young woman grows desperate, awakes the little boy, takes him into the private apartment, informs him of the death of his father, tells him he was killed by C., and counsels him to tell all his friends, that they may avenge his father's death. The boy shrieks, with heart broken grief denounces C, and declares that he will acquaint all his friends that C. has killed his father. A companion of C. now interferes, snatches the boy from the young woman, and repeats to the boy the actual circumstances of his father's death, but the boy still cries bitterly and accuses C., whereupon the companion having failed to pacify him, threatens to murder him if he is not quiet. The woman now makes passionate appeals to save the boy, and a man rises up, and remonstrating with C.'s companion, restores the boy to the young woman. But the boy is beyond pacification; he still shrieks and denounces C. Whereupon C.'s companion seizes the boy, takes him to the platform, *murders him, and flings his body on the railway.* This accident caused the eye-witness to faint, and when he or she recovered, B.'s father, the stranger who had restored the boy to the young woman; C., and his companion, were leaving the train to fight a duel. B.'s father and the stranger were killed, and C. and his companion came back; but the conductor started the train just as C. set his foot on it, so his companion was left behind. C. tried to clamber over the engine to stop it, but the conductor and the engine driver seized, secured and placed him in a loose box for the remainder of the journey. The "eye-witness" states that the authorities of Augusta took no notice or these events. No journal published any account of it, and such encounters are frequent."

If Munchausen is not in England his fellow is, and we do not wonder the *Times* will be very glad to know it has been hoaxed. This story, with all its minute details, occupies a column and a half.

In view of the whole matter, the *Times* propounds the following query:

"What is all this to come to? Everybody there seems to carry pistols as naturally as he does his pocket handkerchief. his purse or his watch. "Lend me your pistols," or "Have you got your pistols about you? is there as ordinary a question between passengers as "Have you got a *Bradshaw?* A pistol, too, is now a noun of multitude—it means six pistols, and a good shot with a brace of revolvers can bag a dozen men. Excepting, however, the old and unavoidable fairness of one man being a good shot and another a bad one, or none at all, the gentlemen that kept on shooting at one another all night from Macon to Augusta did it quite according to rule. If it goes on, the American railway companies will have to make suitable arrangements; every second or third stopping place will be marked on the time tables "Shooting station;" or there must be a shooting as well as a smoking car, with a hearse, or at least some division between the corpses and the luggage."

### A Scene in Virginia.

While travelling not long ago in one of the southwestern counties in Virginia, the following thrilling incident took place.—Starting in the stage coach, soon after breakfast, the morning being a delightful one in the latter part of the month of May, I took my seat on the box by the side of the driver, and behind me, on the top, was seated a bright, inteligent-looking mulatto boy apparently of 18 or 19 years of age.—After being on the road a few minutes, I turned about and asked him where he was going. He replied he was going down a few miles to live with Master ——, who kept the stage house at the west stand; that he had lived with him the last summer, and that his master had sent him down to live with him the coming season.

Turning from the boy, the driver remarked to me in an under tone, "the boy is deceived; I am taking him down to the slave-pen, a few miles on, where slaves are kept preparatory to being sent to Lousiana; this deception is practiced to get him from his home and mother without creating a disturdance on the place."

Shortly after we drew near to the place where the boy supposed he was to stop; he began to gather up preparatory to leaving the stage, the few articles he had brought away from his home. The driver said to him in a decided tone of voice, "You are not to get off the stage here."—The boy, in astonishment, replied, "Yes, I is; I'se got a letter for Master ——. I'se going to live there this Summer." By this time we had reached the house, and Master —— making his appearance, John (for that was the name of the boy), delivered his letter and appealed to Master —— to be delivered from the command of the driver. The Master made no reply, as this kind of deception was no new thing to him. After reading the letter and folding it up, he was about putting it in his pocket, when it flashed on the mind of the boy that he was sold and was bound for the slave-pen. He exclaimed, in agony, "Tell me Master if I'se sold?" No reply was made. He exclaimed again, "Tell me if I'se sold?" This last appeal brought the response: "Yes, John, you are sold."

The boy threw himself back on the top of the stage, and rolling in agony sent up such a wail of woe as no one in the stage could endure; even the hotel-keeper walked away in shame, and the driver hurried into his box and drove off in haste, to drown the noise of his cry.

The passengers were deeply moved by the distress of the boy, and tried in various ways to sooth his wounded and crushed spirit, but his agony was beyond the reach of their sympathy.

When his agony had somewhat abated, he exclaimed, "Oh, if they had let me bid my mother good-bye. They have lied to me! If they had a' told me I was sold I could a' bid my mother good-bye I'd a gone with out making them trouble, hard as it is." By this time we had passed on some two or three miles since leaving the last stand; when drawing near a pretty thick wood, the boy became tranquil.—Waiting till we had entered the wood a few rods, he darted from the top of the stage and ran into the woods, agile as a deer, no doubt with the feeling that it was for his life. The driver instantly dropped his reins and persued the boy. Proving himself no match, he returned, exclaiming, "You see, I have done what I could, to catch him."

He mounted his box and drove on a mile or so, when he reined up his horses to a house, and calling to the keeper, asked, "Where are your sons?" He replied, they left home this morning, with the dogs, to hunt a negro, and would not be home before night. The driver said to him that Mr. —— had sent his boy John on the stage that morning to be delivered at the pen, and that he had jumped from the stage and taken to the woods. His reply was: "We will hunt him for you to-morrow."—The driver said he wished only to notify him of his being in the woods.

As we drove on, I made the inquiry, "How long have you driven a stage on this road?" He replied, "About fifteen years." "Do you frequently take negroes down to the Slave-pen?" "Yes, frequently."—"What will become of this boy, John?" He replied, "He will skulk about the woods until he is nearly starved, and will some night make his way up to his master's house, and in about two weeks I shall bring him down again to the slave-pen in hand-cuffs." After a pause, even this driver feeling his degredation in being the instrument of such misery, broke out in exclamation: "This is a cursed business: but in this case this is not the worst feature in it. The man who sold him is his own father!"—*N. Y. Independent.*

LONG IMPRISONMENT.—Wm. H. Smith, charged with killing his own son, has been convicted of manslaughter in the first degree by the circuit Court of Tippah county, Miss., and sentenced to a term of fifty years in the State Prison. Smith is over seventy years of age, and will, according to the "higher law" of nature, be reprieved by death before the expiration of fifty years.

☞ Nine negroes ran away from Covington Ky., last night. The *Commercial* says they have tickets on the Under-ground line.